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THE
LIFE *and* DEATH
OF
KING JOHN.
A
TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN
By SHAKESPEARE.



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MD CCLIV.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

KING John,
Prince Henry,
Prince Arthur,
Pembroke,
Essex,
Salisbury,
Hubert,
Bagot,
Faulconbridge,
Robert Faulconbridge,
Gurney,
Herald,
Philip, *King of France*,
Lewis, *the Dauphin*,
Austria,
Pandolph,
Châtillon,
Citizen,
French Herald,

Mr. *Mossop*.
Mrs. *Toogood*.
Master *Simson*.
Mr. *Blakes*.
Mr. *Jefferson*.
Mr. *Palmer*.
Mr. *Berry*.

Mr. *Garrick*.
Mr. *Simson*.
Mr. *W. Vaughan*.
Mr. *Scrase*.
Mr. *Davis*.
Mr. *Lacey*.
Mr. *Moxeen*.
Mr. *Harvard*.
Mr. *Vernon*.
Mr. *Burton*.
Mr. *Ackman*.

W O M E N.

Elinor.
Constance,
Blanch,
Lady Faulconbridge,

Mrs. *Mills*.
Mrs. *Gibber*.
Miss *Minors*.
Mrs. *Bennet*.

*Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Executioners, Messengers,
Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE, sometimes in England; and,
sometimes, in France.*

The





The LIFE and DEATH of
KING JOHN.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Court of England.*

*Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex,
and Salisbury, with Chatilion.*

King JOHN.



OW, say, *Chatilion*, what would *France*
with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the
King of *France*,

In my Behaviour, to the Majesty,
The borrow'd Majesty of *England* here.

Eli. A strange beginning; borrow'd Majesty!

K. John Silence, good mother; hear the embassie.

Chat. *Philip* of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother *Geffrey's* son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories:

To *Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine* :
 Desiring thee to lay aside the Sword,
 Which sways usurpingly these several titles ;
 And put the same into young *Arthur's* hand,
 Thy nephew, and right-royal Sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this ?

Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
 T' inforce these rights so forcibly with-held.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controulment for controulment ; so answer *France*.

Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
 The farthest limit of my embassie.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
 Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,
 For ere thou canst report, I will be there,
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
 So, hence ! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
 And sullen presage of your own decay.
 An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't ; farewell, *Chatillon*.

[*Exeunt Chat. and Pem.*]

Eli. What now, my son, have I not ever said,
 How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease,
 'Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,
 Upon the right and party of her son ?
 This might have been prevented, and made whole
 With very easy arguments of love ;
 Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
 With fearful, bloody, issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.—

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right.

Or else it must go wrong with you and me ;
 So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
 Which none but heav'n, and you, and I shall hear.

Essx. My Liege, here is the strongest controverſie,
 Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
 That e'er I heard : shall I produce the men ?

K. John.

K. *John*. Let them approach.
Our abbies and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip his brother.

Phil. Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman
Born in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A soldier, by the honour giving hand
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.

K. *John*. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same *Faulconbridge*?

K. *John*. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems?

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens' children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy
mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, Madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. *John*. A good blunt fellow: why, being younger
born,
Doth he lay clame to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land;
But once, he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;

O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad cap hath heav'n lent us
here?

Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion's* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him :
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John, Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard*: Sirrah speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Because he hath a half-face like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land?
A half-fac'd goat, five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassie
To *Germany*; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time :
Th' advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I shame to speak :
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself)
When this same lusty gentleman was got,
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time :
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands,

That

That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
 Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
 Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
 In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
 In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,
 My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
 Being none of his, refuse him; this concludes,
 My mother's son did get your father's heir,
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's Will be of no force
 To dispossess that child, which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,
 Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
 And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
 Or the reputed son of *Cœur-de-lion*,
 Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Phil. Madam, and if my brother had my shape,
 And I had his, Sir *Robert* his, like him;
 And if my legs were two such riding-rod's,
 My arms such eel-skins stuf; my face so thin,
 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
 Lest men should say, "Look, where three farthings
 goes!

And to his shape were heir to all this land;"
 'Would, I might never stir from off this place,
 I'd give it every foot to have this face:
 I would not be Sir *Noble* in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
 I am a soldier, and now bound to *France*.

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
 Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
 Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
 Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Phil. *Philip*, my Liege, so is my name begun;

Philip, good old Sir *Robert*'s wife's eldest son.

K. *John*. From henceforth bear his name, whose
form thou bear'st :

Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise up more great ;

Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Phil. Brother by th' mother's side, give me your
hand ;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land.

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away !

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet* !

I am thy grandam ; *Richard*, call me so.

Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth ; what
though ?

Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch :

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,

And have is have, however men do catch ;

Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. *John*. Go, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy de-
sire ;

A landless Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire :

Come, Madam ; and come, *Richard* ; we must speed

For *France*, for *France* ; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu ; good fortune come to thee,
For thou was got i' th' way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but Philip*.]

A foot of honour better than I was,

But many a many foot of land the worse !

Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady.

Good den, Sir *Richard*,—Godamercy, fellow ;

And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter* ;

For new-made honour doth forget mens names :

'Tis too respective and unfociable

For your conversing. Now your traveller,

He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess ;

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise

My

My picqued man of countries; — My dear Sir,
 (Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
 I shall beseech you, — that is question now;
 And then comes answer like an A-B-C book:
 O Sir, says answer, at your best command,
 At your employment, at your service, Sir: —
 No, Sir, says question, I, sweet Sir, at yours, —
 And so e'er answer knows what question would,
 Saving in dialogue of compliment;
 And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,
 The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*;
 It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself;
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation;
 (And so am I, whether I smack or no:)
 And not alone in habit and device.
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;
 Which tho' I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
 O me! it is my mother; now, good lady,
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert's* son,
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man,
 Is it Sir *Robert's* son, that you seek so?

Lady. Sir *Robert's* son? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
 Sir *Robert's* son: why scorn'st thou at Sir *Robert*?
 He is Sir *Robert's* son; and so art thou.

Phil.

Phil. *James Gurney*, wilt thou give us leave a while ?

Gur. Good leave, good *Philip*.

Phil. *Philip* ! — spare me, *James* ;
There's toys abroad ; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit James.*]

Madam, I was not old *Sir Robert*'s son.

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his fast :

Sir Robert could do well ; marry, confess !

Could he get me ? *Sir Robert* could not do it ;

We knew his handy-work ; therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs ?

Sir Robert never holpe to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspir'd with thy brother too,

That, for thine own gain, should'st defend mine honour ?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?

Phil. Knight, Knight, good mother — *Basilisco*
like.

What ! I am dub'd ; I have it on my shoulder :

But, mother, I am not *Sir Robert*'s son ;

I have disclaim'd *Sir Robert*, and my land ;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone :

Then, good my mother, let me know my father ;

Some proper man, I hope ; who was it, mother ?

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thyself a *Faulconbridge* ?

Phil. As faithfully, as I deny the devil.

Lady. King *Richard Cœur-de-lion* was thy father ;

By long, and vehement, suit I was seduc'd

To make room for him in my husband's bed.

Heav'n lay not my transgression to my charge !

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,

And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly ;

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,

Subjected tribute to commanding love ;

Against whose fury and unmatched force,

The

The awless lion could not wage the fight;
Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard's* hands.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got. I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin,
And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadst said him *no*, it had been sin;
Who says it was, he lyes; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



A C T II.

SCENE, *before the Walls of Angiers
in France.*

*Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the
Archduke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.*

LEWIS.

BEFORE *Angiers* well met, braye *Austria*.
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in *Palestine*,
 By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
 And for amends to his Posterity,
 At our importance hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, *English John*.
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion's* death
 The rather that you give his off-spring life;
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
 I give you welcome with a pow'rless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love:
 Welcome before the gates of *Angier*, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek I lay this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love;
 That to my home I will no more return,
 'Till *Angiers* and the right thou hast in *France*,
 Together with that pale, that white fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders;

Ev'n

Ev'n 'till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Ev'n 'till that outmost corner of the west,
 Salute thee for her King. 'Till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
 'Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
 To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their
 swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Philip. Well then, to work; our engines shall be
 bent

Against the brows of this resisting town;
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages.
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the market place in *Frenchmen's* blood,
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your Embassie.
 Left unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
 My lord *Chatilion* may from *England* bring
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
 That not rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatilion.

K. Philip. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish
 Our messenger *Chatilion* is arrived?
 What *England* says, say briefly, gentle lord,
 We coldly pause for thee. *Chatilion*, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this poultry siege,
 And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands
 Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
 Whose leisure I have staid, have giv'n him time
 To land his legions all as soon as I.
 His marches are expedient to this town,

His

His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother Queen;
 An *Até*, stirring him to blood and strife.
 With her, her neice, the lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
 With them a bastard of the King deceas'd,
 And all th' unsettled humours of the land;
 Rash, inconfid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the *English* bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scathe in christendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums beat.*
 Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.
 To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. *Philip*. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence;
 For courage mounteth with occasion:
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch,
 Pembroke, and others.*

K. *John*, Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace permit
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own:
 If not, bleed *France*, and peace ascend to heav'n.
 Whilst we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

K. *Philip*. Peace be to *England*, if that war return
 From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace!
England we love; and for that *England's* sake
 With burthen of our armour here we sweat;
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine.
 But thou from loving *England* art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought its lawful King;
 Cut off the sequence of posterity;

Out-

Out-faced infant state ; and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey's* face.
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his ;
 This little abstract doth contain that large,
 Which dy'd in *Geffrey* ; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
 That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son ; *England* was *Geffrey's* right,
 And this is *Geffrey's* ; in the name of God,
 How comes it then, that thou art call'd a King,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which own the crown that thou o'er-maisterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,

To draw my answer to thy articles ?

K. Philip. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
 thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of right.
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy ;
 Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
 And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Philip. Excuse it, 'tis to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is't, that thou dost call usurper, *France* ?

Const. Let me make answer : thy usurping son. —

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be King,

That thou may'st be a Queen, and check the world !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
 As thine was to thy husband ; and this boy,
 Likier in feature to his father *Geffrey*,
 Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like
 As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
 My boy a bastard ! by my soul, I think,
 His father never was so true begot ;
 It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy
 father.

Const.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace.——

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you, An a' may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead Lions by the beard;
I'll smoak your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that Lion's robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Faulc. It lyes as lightly on the back of him,
As great *Alcides'* shews upon an afs;
But, afs, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What craeker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King *Philip*, determine what we shall do strait.

K. Philip. Women and fools, break off your conference.

King *John*, this is the very sum of all;
England, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* I do claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon—I do defie thee, *France*.

Arthur of *Britain*, yield thee to my hand;

And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,

Than e'er the coward hand of *France* can win.

Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child.

Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;

There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace;

I would, that I were low laid in my grave;

I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe're she does or no!
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads, heav'n shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heav'n and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heav'n and earth.
Call me not slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The domination, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him;
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her sin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! — a wicked
will;

A woman's will, a cankred grandam's will.

K. Philip. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence to cry Aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of *Angiers*; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, *Aubur's* or *John's*.

[Trumpet sounds.]

Enter

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls ?

K. Philip. 'Tis *France*, for *England*.

K. John. *England* for itself ;

You men of *Angiers* and my loving subjects——

K. Philip. You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur's* subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle——

K. John. For our advantage ; therefore hear us first :
 These flags of *France*, that are advanced here
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,
 Have hither march'd to your endamagement
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
 And ready mounted are they to spit forth
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
 All preparations for a bloody siege
 And merciless proceeding, by these *French*,
 Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
 And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
 That as a waste do girdle you about,
 By the compulsion of their ordinance
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime
 Had been dishabited, and wide havock mad.
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace
 But on the sight of us your lawful King,
 (Who painfully with much expedient march
 Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
 Behold, the *French*, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle ;
 And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words folded up in smock,
 To make a faithless error in your ears ;
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens ;
 And let in us, your King, whose labour'd spirits,
 Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Philip. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo !

Lo ! in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet* ;
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And King o'er him; and all that he enjoys.
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town :
 Being no further enemy to you,
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
 In the relief of this oppressed child,
 Religiously provokes. Be pleas'd then
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe
 To him that owns it ; namely, this young prince.
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up :
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n ;
 And with a blessed, and unvext retire,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruise'd,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,
 Which here we came to spout against your town ;
 And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war :
 Tho' all these *English*, and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
 And stalk in blood to our possession ?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of *England*'s subjects ;
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not ; but he that proves the King,
 To him will we prove loyal ; till that time,
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of *England* prove the
 King ?

And

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of *England's* breed——

Faulc. (Bastards, and else.)

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Philip. As many, and as well-born bloods as those——

Faulc. (Some bastards too.)

K. Philip. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound, whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful tryal of our kingdom's King!

K. Philip. Amen, Amen.—— Mount, chevaliers, to arms!

Faulc. Saint George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence. Sirrah, were I at home

At your den, sirrah, with your Lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your Lion's hide,

And make a monster of you.—— [To Austria.

Aust. Peace, no more.

Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Faulc. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.

K. Philip. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God, and our right!

[Exeunt.

*A long Charge sounded: then, after excursions, enter the
Herald of France with trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of *Angiers*, open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne* in;
Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an *English* mother,
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's husband groveling lyes,

Coldly

Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
 While victory with little loss doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French;
 Who are at hand triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of *Angiers*; ring your bells;
King John, your King and *England's*, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day.
 Their armours, that march'd hence, so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmen's* blood.
 There stuck no plume in any *English* Crest,
 That is removed by a staff of *France*.
 Our Colours do return in those same hands,
 That did display them when we first march'd forth;
 And, like a jolly troop of husfemen, come
 Our lusty *English*, all with purpled hands;
 Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
 From first to last, the Onset and Retire
 Of both your armies, whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured;
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
 blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
 power

Both are alike, and both alike we like;
 One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
 We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at several Doors.

K. John. *France*, hast thou yet more blood to cast
 away?

Say, shall the current of our Right run on?
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell

With

With course disturb'd ev'n thy confining shores ;
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Philip. *England*, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood

In this hot tryal, more than we of *France* ;
 Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
 Before we will lay by our just-borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear ;
 Or add a royal number to the dead ;
 Gracing the scroul, that tells of this war's loss,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Faulc. Ha ! Majesty,—how high thy glory towers,
 When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire !
 Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel ;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs ;
 And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men
 In undetermin'd differences of Kings.
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?
 Cry havock, Kings ; back to the stained field,
 You equal Potents, fiery-kindled spirits !
 Then let Confusion of one part confirm
 The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?

K. Philip. Speak, Citizens, for *England*, who's your King ?

Cit. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

K. Philip. Know him in us, that here hold up his Right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
 And bear possession of our person here ;
 Lord of our presence, *Angiers*, and of you.

Cit. A greater pow'r, than ye, denies all this ;
 And till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates.
 Kings of our fears,——until our fears resolv'd
 Be by some certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc.

Faulc. By heav'n, the Scroyles of *Angiers* flout you,
Kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious Scenes and Acts of death.
You royal presences, be rul'd by me ;
Do like the Mutines of *Jerusalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let *France* and *England* mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths ;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City.
I'd play incessantly upon these jades ;
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled Colours once again ;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion ;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious Victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty States ?
Smacks it not something of the Policy ?

K. *John*. Now by the sky, that hangs above our
heads,

I like it well. *France*, shall we knit our Pow'rs,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be King of it ?

Faulc. And if thou hast the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls ;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then desie each other ; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves for heav'n or hell.

K. *Philip*, Let it be so : say, where will you assault ?

B

K. *John*.

K. *John*. We from the west will send destruction
Into this City's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. *Philip*. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent discipline ! from North to South ;
Austria and *France* shoot in each other's mouth.

I'll stir them to it ; come, away, away !

Cit. Hear us, great Kings ; vouchsafe a while to
stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;
Win you this city without stroke or wound ;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field ;
Persever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. *John*. Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to
hear.

Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England* ; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in *Blanch* ?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in *Blanch* ?
If love, ambitious, sought a match of Birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch* ?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat :
If not compleat of — say, he is not she ;
And she again wants nothing, (to name Want,)
If Want it be not, that she is not he,
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a She :
And she a fair divided Excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
Oh ! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in :
And two such shores, to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,

To

To these two Princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast closed gates: for at this match,
 With swifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance; but without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions so confident, mountains and rocks
 So free from motion; no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this City.

Faulc. Here's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
 Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks and seas;
 Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
 What Cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
 He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoak and bounce,
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
 Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of *France*;
 Zounds! I was never so bethumpt with words,
 Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,
 Give with our Neice a dowry large enough;
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unfur'd assurance to the Crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no Sun to ripe
 The bloom, that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a Yielding in the looks of *France*;
 Mark, how they whisper; urge them while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition;
 Lest zeal now melted by the windy breath
 Oft soft petitions, pity and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double Majesties
 This friendly Treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. *John*. We from the west will send destruction
Into this City's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

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Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

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Cit. Why answer not the double Majesties
 This friendly Treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. *Philip*. Speak, *England*, first, that have been forward first

To speak unto this City: what say you?

K. *John*. If that the *Dauphin* there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*;
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a Queen.
For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poitiers*,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this City now by us besieg'd,
Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions;
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any Princess of the world.

K. *Philip*. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle;
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a Sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
'Till now, infixed, I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.

[*Whispering with Blanch*,

Faulc. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espie
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine.
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will inforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,

Than

Than this ; that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
judge)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. *John*. What say these young Ones ? what say you,
my Neice ?

Blanch. That she is bound in Honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. *John*. Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love
this lady ?

Lewis. Nay, ask me, if I can refrain from love ;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. *John*. Then do I give *Volquesſen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
Poitiers, and *Anjou*, these five Provinces,
With her to thee ; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Marks of *English* coin.
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy Son and Daughter to join hands.

K. *Philip*. It likes us well ; young Princes, close your
hands.

Auſt. And your lips too ; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. *Philip*. Now, Citizens of *Angiers*, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made :
For at Saint *Mary's* Chapel presently
The Rites of Marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the lady *Constance* in this troop ?
I know, she is not ; for this Match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son, tell me, who knows ?

Lewis. She's sad and passionate at your Highness'
Tent.

K. *Philip*. And, by my faith, this league, that we
have made,
Will give her sadness very little Cure.
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widow lady ? in her Right we came ;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.

K. *John*. We will heal up all,
 For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,
 And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town
 We make him lord of. Call the lady *Constance*;
 Some speedy Messenger bid her repair
 To our Solemnity; I trust we shall,
 If not fill up the measure of her will,
 Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
 That we shall stop her exclamation.
 Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
 To this unlook'd-for, unprepared, Pomp.

[*Ex. all but Faulconbr.*

Faul. Mad world, mad Kings, and composition!
John, to stop *Arthur's* Title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part:
 And *France*, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
 Whom zeal and Charity brought to the field,
 As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
 Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
 Who having no external thing to lose
 But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,—
 Commodity, the bias of the world,
 The world, which of itself is poised well,
 Made to run even, upon even ground;
 'Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this Commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
 And this same bias, this Commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all changing word,
 Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile concluded peace. —
 And why rail I on this Commodity;

But

King J O H N.

34

But for because he hath not wooed me yet :
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm ;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail ;
And say, there is no sin but to be rich :
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord ; for I will worship thee !

[Exit.]



B 4

ACT



A C T III.

S C E N E, *the French King's Pavilion.**Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.*

C O N S T A N C E.

GONE to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be
friends!

Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch* and *Blanch* those provinces?
It is not so, thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so.
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears,
And, tho' thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vext spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const.

Const. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desp'rate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.
Lewis wed *Blanch*! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*! what becomes of me;
Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, mother, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and fightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John*;
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and to *John*;
That trumpet fortune, that usurping *John*!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave these woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee.
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
 For Grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
 To me, and to the state of my great Grief,
 Let King's assemble: for my Grief's so great,
 That no Supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrow sit:
 Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

[Sits down on the Floor.

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, and Austria.

K. Philip. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day

Ever in *France* shall be kept festival:
 To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
 Turning with splendor of his precious eye
 The meagre cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
 The yearly course, that brings this day about,
 Shall never see it, but a holy day.

Const. A wicked day, and not an holy-day. — [*Rising.*
 What has this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
 That it in golden letters should be set
 Among the high tides in the kalendar?
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
 Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
 But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
 No bargains break, that are not this day made;
 This day, all things begun come to ill end,
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Philip. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguill'd me with a counterfeit
 Resembling Majesty, which, touch'd and try'd,

Proves

My f

Proves valueless : you are forsworn, forsworn.
 You came in arms to spill my enemies blood,
 But now in arms, you strengthen it with yours.
 The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league :
 Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, against these perjur'd Kings :
 A widow cries, be husband to me, heav'n !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day in peace ; but ere sun-set,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings.
 Hear me, oh hear me !

Aust. Lady *Constance*, peace.

Const. War, war, no peace ; peace is to me a war.
 O *Lymoges*, O *Austria* ! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
 Thou little valiant, great in villany !
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side ;
 Thou fortune's champion, that durst never fight
 But when her humourous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party ; thou cold blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
 Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man would speak those words to me !

Faulc. And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calve's skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Methinks, that *Richard's* pride and *Richard's* fall
 Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

Faulc. What words are these ? how do my sinews
 shake !

My father's foe clad in my father's spoil !

How

How doth *Alec* whisper in my ears,
 "Delay not, *Richard*, kill the villain strait;
 "Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
 "Thy father's triumph o'er the savages".——
 Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
 Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
 'Till I have torn that trophy from thy back;
 And split thy heart, for wearing it so long.

K. *John*. We like not this, thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. *Philip*. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed Deputies of heaven!

To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is;
 I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,
 And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
 Do in his name religiously demand
 Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
 So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce
 Keep *Stephen Langton*, chosen Archbishop
 Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See?
 This in our 'foresaid holy Father's name,
 Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. *John*. What earthly name to interrogatories
 Can task the free breath of a sacred King?
 Thou canst not, Cardinal, advise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
 Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*
 Add thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,
 So, under him, that great Supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold;
 Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.
 So tell the Pope, all rev'ence set apart
 To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. *Philip*. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

K. *John*. Tho' you, and all the Kings of Christendom

Are

Are led so grossly by this meddling Priest,
 Dreading the curse, that money may buy out ;
 And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who in that sale sells pardon from himself :
 Tho' you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witch-craft with revenue cherish ;
 Yet I alone, alone, do me oppose
 Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate ;
 And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
 From his allegiance to an heretick ;
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized and worshipp'd as a Saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
 That I have room with *Rome* to curse a while.
 Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen*,
 To my keen curses ; for without my wrong
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law, and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too ; when law can do no right,
 Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong :
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
 For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law ;
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. *Philip of France*, on peril of a curse,
 I et go the hand of that arch heretick ;
 And raise the pow'r of *France* upon his head,
 Unless he do submit himself to *Rome*.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, *France* ? do not let go thy
 hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that *France* repent,
 And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul. —

Aust. King *Philip* listen to the Cardinal.

Faulk. And hang a calve's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because ———

Faulc. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. *Philip*, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from *Rome*,
Or the light loss of *England* for a friend;
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of *Rome*.

Const. Lewis. stand fast; the Devil tempts thee
here

In likeness of a new and trimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady *Constance* speaks not from her faith:
But from her need.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle;
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The King is mov'd and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King *Philip*; hang no more in doubt.

Faulc. Hang nothing but a calve's-skin, most sweet
lout.

K. Philip. I am perplext, and know not what to say.

Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee
more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curst?

K. Philip. Good rev'rend father, make my person
yours;

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love;

Between

Between our kingdoms and our royal Selves,
 And even before this truce, but new before,
 No longer than we well could wash our hands
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
 Heav'n knows, they were besmear'd and over stain'd
 With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint
 The fearful difference of incensed Kings.
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ?
 Play fast and loose with faith ? so, jest with heav'n ?
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm ?
 Un-swear faith sworn, and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity ? O holy Sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so ;
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order, and we shall be blest
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to *England's* love.
 Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our Church !
 Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A chafed lyon by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand, which thou dost hold.

K. Philip. I may dis-join my hand, but not my faith,

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;
 And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heav'n, first be to heav'n perform'd ;
 That is, to be the champion of our Church.
 What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself ;
 And may not be performed by thyself ;
 For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,

Is not amiss, when it is truly done :
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done, not doing it.
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is to mistake again ; tho' indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falshood falshood cures ; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
 It is religion that doth make vows kept,
 But thou hast sworn against religion :
 By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st :
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
 Against an oath the truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn ;
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear ?
 But thou dost swear, only to be forsworn,
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore thy latter vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself.
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy, loose suggestions ;
 Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know,
 The peril of our curses light on thee
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off ;
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Faulc. Will't not be ?

Will not a calve's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day ?

Against the blood that thou hast married ?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp ?

O husband ; hear me ; (ah ! alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth ?) ev'n for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine Uncle.

Const. O, upon my kee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous, *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; what motive
may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh, thine honour, *Lewis*, thine ho-
nour! —

Lewis. I muse, your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Philip. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I'll fall
from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd Majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of *French* inconstancy!

K. John. *France*, thou shalt rue this hour within this
hour.

Faulc. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
time,

Is it as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day,
adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both, each army hath a hand,

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win:

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose:

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose:

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life
dies.

K. John.

K. *John*. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

[*Exit*. *Faulconbridge*.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose heat hath this condition
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood and dearest-valu'd blood of *France*.

K. *Philip*. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. *John*. No more, than he that threatens. To arms,
let's hie. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to a Field of Battle.

Alarms, Excursions: Enter Faulconbridge, with Austria's Head.

Faulc. NOW, by my life, this day grows wond'rous
hot ;

Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. *Austria's* head lie there.—
Thus hath King *Richard's* son perform'd his vow,
And offer'd *Austria's* blood for sacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living soul.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. *John*. There, *Hubert*, keep this boy. *Richard*,
make up ;

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My lord, I rescu'd her:
Her highness is in safety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege ; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end,

[*Exeunt*.]

*Alarms, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor,
Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and Lords.*

K. *John*. So shall it be ; your Grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded : Cousin, look not sad, [To *Arthur*.]
Thy

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, away for England; haste before,
[*To Faulc.*]

And, ere, our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots; there imprison'd angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry war be fed upon.
Use our commission in its utmost force.

Faulc. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me
back,

When gold and silver beck me to come on.
I leave your highness: grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewel, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewel. [Exit Faulc.]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman;—hark a word.
[Taking him to one side of the stage.]

K. John. [*to Hubert on the other side.*]

Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say——
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heav'n, Hubert, I'm almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say *to*
yet,——

But thou shalt have——and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say——but let it go:
The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the Pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience. If the midnight bell
 Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
 Sound one unto the drowfie race of night ;
 If this fame were a church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that furlly spirit Melancholy
 Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot laughter keep mens' eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment ;
 (A passion hateful to my purposes)
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
 Then in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
 But ah, I will not——yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heav'n, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st ?
 Good *Hubert, Hubert, Hubert*, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend ;
 He is a very serpent in my way,
 And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me. Dost thou understand me ?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your Majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord ?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee ;

Well,

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember:—Madam, fare you well,

[*Returning to the Queen.*]

I'll send those pow'rs o'er to your Majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For *England*, cousin, go.

Hubert shall be your man, t'attend on you

With all true duty; on, toward *Calais*, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the French Court*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Philip. SO, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole Armada of collected fail

Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.

K. Philip. What can go well, when we have run
so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?

Arthur ta'en Pris'ner? diverse dear friends slain?

And bloody *England* into *England* gone,

O'er-bearing interruption, spite of *France*?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,

Such temp'rate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,

Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Philip. Well could I bear that *England* had this
praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul,

Holding th' eternal spirit 'gainst her will

In the vile prison of afflicted breath;

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace.

K. Philip

K. *Philip*. Patience, good lady ; comfort gentle
Constance.

Const. No, I defie all counsel, and redress,
But that, which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death ; oh amiable, lovely death !
Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness,
Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsom dust,
And be a carrion monster, like thy self ;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And kiss thee as thy wife ; misery's love,
O come to me !

K. *Philip*. O fair affliction, peace,

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry ;
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a passion I would shake the world,
And rouze from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
And scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so ;
I am not mad ; this hair I tear is mine ;
My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffrey's* wife :
Young *Arthur* is my son, and he is lost !
I am not mad ; I would to heaven, I were !
For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself.
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget !
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal,
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes.
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :

I am

I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

K. *Philip*. Bind up those tresses ; O, what love I
note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs ;
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
Ev'n to that drop ten thousand wiewy friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To *England* if you will. —

K. *Philip*. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have giv'n these hairs their liberty !
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds ;
Because my poor child is a prisoner,
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n ;
If that be, I shall see my boy again.
For since the birth of *Cain*, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek ;
And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
And so he'll die : and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n
I shall not know him ; therefore never, never,
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son. —

K. *Philip*. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child ;
Lyes in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers

Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form?

Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort than you do.

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-cloaths.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*]

K. Philip. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her,

[*Exit.*]

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me
 joy;

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsie man.

A bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world's taste,

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,

On their departure, most of all shew evil.

What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no; when fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.

'Tis strange to think how much King *John* hath lost

In this, which he accounts so clearly won.

Are not you griev'd, that *Arthur* is his prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetick spirit;

For ev'n the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,

Out of the path which shall directly lead

Thy foot to *England's* throne; and therefore mark.

John hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be

That

That whilst warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The misplac'd *John* should entertain an hour,
 A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of rest.
 A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boist'rously maintain'd, as gain'd.
 And he, that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
 That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall ;
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young *Arthur's*
 fall ?

Pand. You, in the right of lady *Blanch* your wife,
 May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old
 world ?

John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you ;
 For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,
 Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
 This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal ;
 That no so small advantage shall step forth
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it.
 No nat'ral exhalation in the sky,
 No 'scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away its nat'ral cause,
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
 Abortives, and presages, tongues of heav'n
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur's*
 life ;

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
 If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
 Ev'n at this news he dies : and then the hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;
 And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
 Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
 And O, what better matter breeds for you
 Than I have nam'd! ——— The bastard *Faulconbridge*
 Is now in *England*, ransacking the church,
 Offending charity. If but twelve *French*,
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call
 To train ten thousand *English* to their side;
 Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*;
 Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
 What may be wrought out of their discontent.
 Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
 For *England* go; I will wet on the King.

Lewis. Strong reason makes strong actions: let us go;
 If you say ay, the King will not say no. [Exeunt.]



ACT



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *changes to England.**A Prison.**Enter Hubert and Executioners-*

H U B E R T.

HE A T me these irons hot, and, look, thou stand
 Within the arras ; when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth ;
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair : be heedful ; hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! fear not you ; look to't.—
 Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

*Enter Arthur.**Arth.* Good morrow, *Hubert.**Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
 To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.*Arth.* Mercy on me !

Methinks, no body should be sad but I ;
 Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
 So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be merry as the day is long,
 And so I would be here, but that, I doubt,
 My uncle practises more harm to me.
 He is afraid of me, and I of him.
 Is it my fault that I was *Geffrey's* son ?

C 2

Indeed.

Indeed, it is not; and I would to heav'n,
I were your son, so you would love me, *Hubert*.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, *Hubert*? you look pale to-day;
In sooth, I wou'd, you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young *Arthur*—— [*Shewing a Paper.*]
How now, foolish rheum, [*Aside.*]
Turning dis-piteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears,——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for so foul effect.
Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did
but ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows;
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lies your grief?

Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have laid still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then, you must——Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you.

Hub.

Hub. I've sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it:
The iron of itself, tho' heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but *Hubert's*.

Hub. Come forth; do, as I bid you.

[*Stamps, and the men enter.*]

Arth. O save me, *Hubert*, save me! my eyes are out,
Ev'n with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heav'n's sake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt.*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:

Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.—

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue: let me not, *Hubert*;

Or *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes!

Though to no use, but still to look on you.

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold.

And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief.
Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extreame; see else yourself,

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heav'n hath blown its spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert*;

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes:

And like a dog; that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things, that you should use to do me wrong,

Deny their office; only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend.

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye,

For all the treasure that thine uncle owns:

Yet am I sworn; and I did purpose, boy,

With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,

Your uncle must not know but you are dead.

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,

That

That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. **H**ERE once again we sit, once again
crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome;
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;

And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your highness
To over-bear it; and we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Must make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
(Both for myself and them; but chief of all,
Your safety; for the which, myself and they
Bend their best studies;) heartily request
Th' infranchisement of *Arthur*; whose restraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of discontent
To break into this dang'rous argument;
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why shou'd your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, that he have liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

To

To your direction. *Hubert*, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man, should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.

And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us, *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play, and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and so farewell!

Pemb. Stay yet, lord *Salisbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which own'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [Exit.

Enter a Messenger.

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death—

[Aside.

A fearful eye thou hast ; where is that blood, [*To the Mes.*
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm ;
Pour down thy weather : how goes all in *France* ?

Mes. From *France* to *England* never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them :
For when you should be told, they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. *John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?
Where hath it slept ? where is my mother's care ?
That such an army should be drawn in *France*,
And she not hear of it ?

Mes. My Liege, her ear
Is stop't with dust : the first of *April*, dy'd
Your noble mother ; and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady *Constance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard ; if true or false, I know not.

K. *John.* With-hold thy speed, dreadful occasion !
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers. What ! mother dead ?
How wildly then walks my estate in *France* ?
Under whose conduct came those powers of *France*,
That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here ?

Mes. Under the *Dauphin*.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Peter of Pomfret.

K. *John.* Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. Now, what says the world
To your proceedings ? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulc. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. *John.* Bear with me, Cousin ; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide ; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faulc.

Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
 The sums I have collected shall express.
 But as I travell'd hither thro' the land,
 I find the people strangely fantasied;
 Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
 Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear,
 And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
 From forth the streets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
 With many hundreds treading on his heels:
 To whom he sung in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
 That, ere the next *Ascension-day* at noon,
 Your Highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou so?

Peter. Fore-knowing, that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. *Hulert*, away with him, imprison him,
 And on that day at noon, whereon he says
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
 Deliver him to safety, and return,
 For I must use thee.—O my gentle Cousin,

[*Exit Hubert with Peter.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faulc. The *French*, my lord; men's mouths are full
 of it:

Besides, I met lord *Bigot* and lord *Salisbury*,
 With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
 And others more, going to seek the grave
 Of *Arthur*, who, they say, is kill'd to night
 On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go
 And thrust thyself into their company:
 I have a way to win their loves again:
 Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste: the better foot before.
 O, let me have no subject enemies,
 When adverse foreigners affright my towns
 With dreadful Pomp of stout invasion.
 Be *Mercury*, set feathers to thy heels;
 And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc.

Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the Peers;
And be thou he.

Mes. With all my heart, my Liege.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. My mother dead!

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesie upon it dangerously:
Young *Arthur's* death is common in their mouths;
And, when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear.
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news,
Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,
That were embatteled and rank'd in *Kent*.
Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur's* death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these
fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young *Arthur's* death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cause
To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not pro-
voke me?

K. John.

K. John. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life :
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majesty ; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal, for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heav'n and
earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means, to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done ? for hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur's* death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'st it no Conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord ———

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a
pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed :
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words ;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, did'st let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name. —
Out of my sight, and never see me more !
My Nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs :

Nay,

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you,
Young *Arthur* is alive; this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth *Arthur* live? O, haste thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon my feature, for my rage was blind;
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly: run more fast. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *a Street before a Prison.*

Enter Arthur on the Walls, disguis'd.

Arth. **T**H E wall is high, and yet will I leap down,
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die, and stay. [*Leaps down.*]
Oh me! my Uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heav'n take my soul, and *England* keep my bones! [*Dies.*]
Enter

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmundsbury* ;
It is our safety ; and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal ?

Sal. The Count *Melon*, a noble lord of *France*,
Whose private with me of the *Dauphin's* love
Is much more gen'ral than these lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward for 'twill be
Two long days journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to day well met, distemper'd lords ;
The King by me requests your presence strait.

Sal. The King hath dispossest himself of us ;
We will not line his thin, bestained cloak
With our pure honours : nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks,
Return, and tell him so : we know the worst.

Faulc. What e'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Faulc. 'Tis true, to hurt its master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison : what is he lies here ?

[*Seeing Arthur.*

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely
beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you ? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,

Or

Or do you almost think, altho' you see,
 What you do see? could thought, without this object,
 Form such another; 'tis the very top,
 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest
 Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,
 The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
 That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
 Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
 And this so sole, and so unmatchedable,
 Shall give a holiness, a purity,
 To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
 And prove a deadly blood-shed but a jest,
 Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work,
 The graceless action of a heavy hand:
 If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
 We had a kind of light, what would ensue.
 It is the shameful work of *Hubert's* hand,
 The practice and the purpose of the King:
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to this breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow!
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pemb. }
Bigot. } Our Souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you;
Arthur doth live, the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death;
 Avant, thou hateful Villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*

Faulc. Your Sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murd'rer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord *Salisbury*; stand back, I say;
By heav'n, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue foe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lyes.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Faulc. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, *Faulconbridge*?

Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Salisbury*.
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you, and your tossing iron,
That you shall think, the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.
Away with me all you, whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savour of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

Bigot.

Bigot. Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.

Pemb. There, tell the King, he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Faulc. Here's a good world; knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, (if thou didst this deed of death)
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert*.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Faulc. Ha? I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd so black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince *Lucifer*,
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul——

Faulc. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread,
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

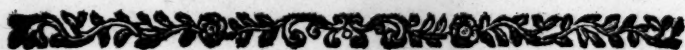
Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easie dost thou take all *England* up!
From forth this morsel of dead Royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm
Is fled to heav'n: and *England* now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed interest of proud-swelling State.

Now

Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest;
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now Pow'rs from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line : and vast confusion waits
(As doth a Raven on a sick, fall'n beast)
The imminent Decay of wrested Pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the King;
A thousand busineses are brief at hand,
And heav'n itself doth frown upon the Land. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT



A C T V.

SCENE, the Court of ENGLAND.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. J O H N.

THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my Glory. [*Giving the Crown.*
Pand. Take again

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign Greatness and Authority.

K. *John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet the
French.

And from his Holiness use all your power
To stop their Marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented Counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign Royalty;
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Refts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or Overthrow incurable insues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war;
And make fair weather in your blust'ring Land.
On this *Ascension-day*, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [*Exit.*
K. *John.*

K. *John*. Is this *Ascension-day* ? did not the Prophet
Say, that before *Ascension-day* at noon
My Crown I should give off ? even so I have :
I did suppose, it should be on constraint ;
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover-Castle* : *London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the *Dauphin* and his Powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy ;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. *John*. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young *Arthur* was alive ?

Faulc. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel, life,
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. *John*. That villain *Hubert* told me, he did live.

Faulc. So on my soul he did, for aught he knew :
But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought :

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust

Govern the motion of a kingly eye :

Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;

Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow

Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,

That borrow their behaviours from the Great,

Grow great by your example ; and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the God of war,

When he intendeth to become the field ;

Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.

What, shall they seek the Lion in his den ;

And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?

Oh, let it not be said ! Forage, and run

To meet displeasure farther from the doors ;

And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. *John*.

K. *John*. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him ;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the Powers
Led by the *Dauphin*.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league?
Shall we, upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd, filken, Wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with Colours idely spread,
And find no check ? let us, my Liege, to arms :
Perchance, the Cardinal can't make your peace ;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw, we had a purpose of defence.

K. *John*. Have thou the ord'ring of this present time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage ; yet, I know,
Our Party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E *changes to the Dauphin's Camp at*
St. Edmondsbury.

Enter, in arms, Lewi, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke,
Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis. **M**Y lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return the president to these lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the Sacrament ;
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our fides it never shall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith

To your proceedings ; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a Sore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt ;
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker : oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our Right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice, and confused wrong.
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends !
That we, the sons and children of this Isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger March
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks ? (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the Spot of this enforced cause ;)
To grace the gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted Colours here ?
What, here ? O nation, that thou could'st remove !
That *Neptune's* arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore !
Where these two christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league.
And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou shew in this ;
And great affection, wrestling in thy bosom,
Doth make an earthquake of Nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect !
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation :
But this effusion of such manly drops,

This

This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm.
 Commend these waters to those baby-eyes,
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
 Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
 Full-warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,
 As *Lewis* himself; so, Nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake!
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
 And on our actions set the name of Right
 With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France*!
 The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
 Himself to *Rome*; his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy Church,
 The great Metropolis and See of *Rome*.
 Therefore thy threatening Colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
 That, like a Lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lye gently at the foot of peace:
 And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
 I am too high-born to be propertied,
 To be a secondary at control;
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
 To any sovereign State throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war,
 Between this chastis'd Kingdom and myself;
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire.

And

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of Right,
 Acquainted me with int'rest to this Land;
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart:
 And come ye now, to tell me *John* hath made
 His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me
 I, by the honour of my marriage bed,
 After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine
 And now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
 Am I *Rome*'s slave? what penny hath *Rome* borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To under-prop this action? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my Claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easie match, plaid for a Crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded Set?
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work:

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return,
 Till my attempt so much be glorified,
 As to my ample hope was promised,
 Before I drew this gallant head of war;
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook Conquest, and to win Renown
 Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.

[Trumpet sounds.

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. According to the fair Play of the world,
 Let me have audience: I am sent to speak,
 My holy lord of *Milain*, from the King:
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:

D

And

And as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dauphin* is too wilful opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties :
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The Youth says well. Now hear our *English* King ;
For thus his Royalty doth speak in me :
He is prepar'd ; and reason too, he should.
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd mask, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sawciness and boyish troops,
The King doth smile at ; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strength, ev'n at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch ;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lye, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks ;
To herd with Swine ; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill, and shake,
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,
Thinking his voice an armed *English* man ;
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
No ; know, the gallant Monarch is in arms ;
And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
To fouse annoi'ance that comes near his nest.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother *England*, blush for shame.
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums ;
Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
peace ;

We

We grant, thou canst out-sold us ; fare thee well :
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faulc. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither :
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Pl ad for our int'rest, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;
And so shall you, being beaten ; do but start
And Echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport, than need)
Is warlike *John* ; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death ; whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the *French*.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou shalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt,
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to a Field of Battle.*

Alarms. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. **H**OW goes the day with us ? oh, tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear ; how fares your Majesty ?

K. John. This feaver, that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavy on me : oh, my heart is sick !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, *Faulconbridge*,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field ;
And send him word by me which way you go.

D 2

K. John.

K. John. Tell him, tow'rd *Swinstead*, to the Abbey there.

Mef. Be of good Comfort : for the great supply,
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on *Goodwin*-sands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now ;
Th *French* fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John, Ah me ! this tyrant feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd *Swinstead* ; to my Litter strait ;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to the French Camp.*

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke and Bigot.

Sal. I Did not think the King so stor'd with friends.
Pemb. Up once again ; put spirit in the *French* :
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That mis-begotten devil, *Faulconbridge*,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They say, King *John*, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun wounded.

Melun. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the Count *Melun*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Melun. Fly, noble *English*, you are bought and sold ;
Untread the rude way of Rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet :
For if the *French* be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads ; thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at *St. Edmondsbury* ;
Ev'n on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal.

Sal. May this be possible ! may this be true !

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view ?

Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire ?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?
Why should I then be false, since it is true,
That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?
I say again, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east.
But ev'n this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing shall expire ;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If *Lewis* by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King ;
The love of him, and this respect besides,
(For that my grandsire was an *Englishman*.)
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field ;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace ; and part this body and my soul
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and besprew my soul.
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight ;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds, we have o'er-look'd ;
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King *John*.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,

Sal.

D 3.

For

For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine Eye. Away, my friends; new flight;
 And happy newness, that intends old right!

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

SCENE changes to a different part of the French
 Camp.

Enter Lewis, and his Train.

Lewis. **T**HE fun of heav'n, methought was loth to
 set,
 But staid, and made the western welkin blush;
 When th' *English* measur'd backward their own ground
 In faint retire: oh bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
 And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it! —

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lewis. Here; what news?

Mes. The count *Melun* is slain; the *English* lords
 By his perswasion are again fall'n off;
 And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
 Are cast away, and sunk on *Goodwin* sands.

Lewis. Ah foul, shrewd, news! Beshrew thy very heart,
 I did not think to be so sad to night,
 As this hath made me. Who was he, that said,
 King *John* did fly, an hour or two before
 The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mes. Who ever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to
 night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
 To try the fair adventure of to morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE, *an open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinestead Abbey.**Enter Faulconbridge, and Hubert, severally.*

Hub. **W**H O's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,
or I shoot.

Faulc. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of *England*.

Faulc. And whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought :
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well :
Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt; and, if you please,
Thou may'st be-friend me so much, as to think,
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame; brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come; *sans compliment*, what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Faulc. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, news fitting to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The King, I fear is poison'd by a Monk :
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Faulc.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out; the King,
Yet speaks; and, peradventure may recover.

Faulc. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come
back,

And brought Prince *Henry* in their company;
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These *Lincoln*-walves have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away, before: conduct me to the King;
I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Orchard in Swinestead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury and Bigot.

Henry. IT is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
(Which, some suppose, the soul's frail dwelling house,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here;
Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient,
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Henry. Oh vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,

In

In their continuance will not feel themselves.
 Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,
 Leaves them; invisible his siege is now,
 Against the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
 With many legions of strange fantasies;
 Which, in their throng, and press to that last hold,
 Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should
 sing:————

I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swan,
 Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;
 And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
 His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born
 To set a form upon that indigest,
 Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
 It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
 There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
 That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
 I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen
 Upon a parchment, and against this fire
 Do I shrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majesty?

K. John. Poison'd, ill fare! dead, forsook, cast off;
 And none of you will bid the winter come
 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
 Through my burn'd bosom: nor intreat the north
 To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
 And comfort me with cold. I ask not much,
 I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
 And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
 That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt of them is hot
 Within me is a hell; and there the poison
 Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
 On unreprievable, condemned blood.

Enter

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh! I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

K. John. Oh! cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where, heav'n he knows, how we shall answer him,
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear;
My Liege! my Lord!—but now a King—now thus.

Henry. Ev'n so must I run on, and ev'n so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Faulc. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge:
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars, that move in your bright spheres,
Where be your pow'rs? shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us seek, or strait we shall be sought;
The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandolph* is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the *Dauphin*;
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faulc.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well finew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many Carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his Cause and Quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Faulc. Let it be so; and you, my noble Prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's Funeral.

Henry. At *Worcester* must his body be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal State and Glory of the Land!
To whom, with all Submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Henry. I have a kind soul that would give you
thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
'This *England* never did, nor never shall,
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them!—Nought shall make us rue,
If *England* to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.



